contributors

Lena Brigand is writing a novel about the loss of innocence. Absolutely nothing else is known about her.
Charlotte Massey, a freelance journalist and photographer now living in London.

Elaine Dallman is a poet living in California.

Donald Shepherd, poet, novelist, and traveler, lives in Cornwall, England.

John Digby, surrealist poet and collagist, lives in London, England.

The third edition of Ed Buryn's book Vagabonding in America (A People's Guide to the USA) *will be out in anuary, 1978. It will be self-published (write Ed Buryn, Box 31223, SF, CA) and will cost $4.50. He is also the author of* Vagabonding in Europe and North Africa (*Random House/Bookworks*).

Jane Falk is a poet and an editor for Snake Tongue Press, located in Kathmandu. She is currently living in San Francisco.

Kate Larkin is a traveler and poet who lives in San Francisco.

Robyn Saxon is a world traveler with unlimited stories.

Cathy Bell has been feverishly editing The Great Big Book of Women on the Road *for seven months.*
Thanks to Dave Blake for typesetting, and to Peter Moore, and Becky Wilson

Photo by Charlotte Massey

subscribe

There are limits to every domain, and laws to govern every organized power. But the vagrant owns the whole vast earth that ends only at the noexistent horizon, and his empire is an intangible one, for his domination and enjoyment of it are things of the spirit.

—Isabelle Eberhardt

BOXCAR is for the exiled, the dispossessed, and the traveler, in body or mind. For those bitten slightly by the temptation to go, what can we do to push you over the edge?

Told aloud and written down, passed along tales, and exaggerated rumors gratefully accepted. Portraits, journal notes, and short articles about the road and anyone on it sought. Anything contributing towards dissolving the world's ridiculous boundaries urgently needed.

The Women's Itinerant Hobos' Union was begun in the United States by Bertha Thompson, a.k.a. "Boxcar Bertha." This magazine is named in her honor. She rode the rails in the 1920s and '30s, and among her achievements arranged for traveling women's hostels, where one could sleep, eat, and find casual work. The W.I.H.U. is international now. But we have no chapters nor hierarchy. It is a loose confederation of travelers, with no hope nor need of organization. Anyone traveling with freedom in mind is welcome.

Isabelle Eberhardt, born 1877 in Switzerland, spent much of her life traveling in North Africa. She wrote the following, which is excerpted from "Pencilled Notes" and translated by the writer and traveler Paul Bowles.

*A subject to which few intellectuals ever give a thought is the right to be a vagrant, the freedom to wander. Yet vagrancy is deliverance, and life on the open road is the essence of freedom. To have the courage to smash the chains with which modern life has weighted us (under the pretext that it was offering us more liberty), then to take up the symbolic stick and bundle, and GET OUT**

*From *The Oblivion Seekers*, City Lights Books.

Yearly subscription $2.00. Published as material accumulates. All submissions must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Send to:
BOXCAR
1001-B Guerrero
San Francisco, CA 94110

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip ____

Copyrite © 1978 to the Authors

NUMBER 2 WINTER-SPRING '78 STILL 25c

BOXCAR

A JOURNAL OF THE WOMEN'S ITINERANT HOBOS' UNION

Insert: FINDING WORK ON THE ROAD

Photo by Charlotte Massey

During my saddest days the sight of a quite ordinary landscape, as long as it was receding rapidly to right and left, and as long as it was veiled from time to time with a ribbon of smoke that got torn on the thorn hedges, acted all the same on me like a health-giving tonic. *Colette*

translated by Enid McCleod.

Special Insert

winter-spring '78

BOXCAR

finding work on the road

This is *Boxcar*'s second appearance, so we're celebrating, with an expanded issue.

Ed Buryn calls it *Vagabonding*, John Wilcox says those who do it are *Nomads*. Isabelle Eberhardt wrote about vagrants and wanderers. Expressions and borders change but the object, the desire to go elsewhere, is constant. Some will read themselves away, others take a train. What is there, should you wish to take advantage, is the potential for great liberty winking lasciviously at you from down the road.

This issue contains a special report on working while you travel. In preface to these articles, it's hard to generalize and self-defeating to attempt too much categorization. The numbers of travelers, and their reasons for going or staying, have managed to remain nonspecific, and, fortunately for us, mysterious. In addition, to the info given here, rsmember that most travelers overseas stop and work when they need to, regardless of laws and permits. Here then is some on-the-level advice concerning accessible employment (most of it casual) in the US, Western Europe and some parts of Asia.

U.S.A.

By Ed Buryn

Working and traveling are normally held to be opposites, or at least mutually exclusive, since travel equates with leisure while work equates with *ugh*. As with most opposites (for example, men and women), some form of marriage is possible, and that's when the sparks really start to fly. One form of union between traveling and working—and a particularly powerful one—is called *vagabonding*. It's also a technique for consciousness-raising that disproves two widley held notions: one, that traveling costs a lot of money; and two, that work is no fun and hard to find.

Vagabonding is what you do with an abundance of wanderlust but a shortage of wanderbucks. A vagabond is simply a free and high traveler; that is, someone not entangled in arrangements, *and* someone willing to spend energy instead of money. The vagabond's definition of travel broadly includes all experience en route, including working in order to keep en route. In any case—and make no mistake about it—traveling with little or no money is a lot like work, but always more exciting, loose, and open-ended. And the jobs you get to earn mobility-money can also be fun, especially since you know they're means, not ends. Thus, in vagabonding the distinctions between working and traveling are not so clear, becuase that's what the vagabonding experience is all about anyway: breaking down artificial distinctions between yourself and others, and between the various self-limiting roles within yourself.

The central goal of vagabonding is to exchange energy with the world; to interpenetrate other places, other people, other parts of yourself. Just going Somewhere Else, as tourists—protected from experience by their money—do, isn't enough for someone serious about knowing life and getting high on it. Without a personal investment of energy, you're not going to get high—that is, psychically energized, intellectually stimulated, emotionally involved. In America, particularly, money and machines are energy substitutes. Americans tend to over rely on them in order to "save" personal energy, and as a result they become alienated from the "real" world—the most basic definition of which is just a pure energy field. And to play the

continued on inside

ASIA & WESTERN EUROPE

By Lena Brigand

Editor's Note:

A Woman's Guide to the Planet Earth (to be published soon) is a world travel guide containing articles, photos, illustrations. It's the result of a collaboration including over 40 traveling women. The chapter following is an excerpt from it.

INTRO

When I am on the road, adventure and work both seem to be offered to me when I am least prepared. When I am two days without sleep, and so sensitized that the foreign air around me tattoos my skin, foghorns will chant, lighthouses glitter and work will jump out of the sea. It is when I am scouring the streets bent on finding suitable employment that temporary work plays a more elusive character. Occasionally I find it. The latter is a less magical pursuit of work, but it does have a few more practical guidelines. I can't tell you how to actually get a job, but here are a few ideas on where to look in Europe and Asia.

Legalities

Very boring, but speaking strictly legally, every country requires you to have a valid working visa before beginning to work there. Most countries don't allow you to change the visa you've got already into a work visa within the country you wish to work in. To do so, you have to leave and apply at an embassy of that country outside its borders. When I wanted to work in Switzerland, I had to change my visa from tourism to work at the Swiss consul located in Italy. In Japan, foreigners are in constant transit to and from the Japanese embassy in Korea. Once you've got a work visa, you can always shift to another job within its time limits. But if you want to wander, find yourself somewhere you hadn't expected to stay, or if you're low on money, or don't feel inclined to bother with papers, here are a few things in the casual labor dept you might try:

europe

Factories

In Western Europe, there's a large floating population of foreign (aka guest) workers.

continued on inside

EAVESDROPPING

A One-Act Play
Very Interesting to Here

Photo by Charlotte Massey

continued from front page

great fortune to be traveling during the feast of Ramadan, where from sunrise to sunset not only can everyone not eat or drink, but they are also not allowed by religious law to swallow their own saliva. There is a great deal of spitting going on all that time. However, when you reach Afghanistan, spitting takes on a different dimension—which is green powder. People are pinching off little pieces of green powder, they put it in their mouths and chew on it for a while, and after it is thoroughly chewed they sort of just spit it out. Some people told me that it has some kind of a narcotic effect. In Pakistan and India, however, this takes on another and the ultimate dimension. They chew betelnut. It is something that looks like a peanut chopped up fine. It is put on a leaf with some white paste and some red powder. Almost everyone chews it, except for the very well educated and/or upper classes. Certainly everyone who can afford it chews it because it is an astringent. It has a pleasant, almost spearmint, taste, and it makes your mouth feel refreshed and keeps it from feeling too dry, which is certainly a consideration in a very dry and dusty country. However its bright red color stains the mouth of everyone who chews it forever. You can't swallow it, so people are forever spitting out huge bright mouthfuls.

The women get up, walk around,
switch tape recorder off
END SCENE I

SCENE II

The Women return to
same positions as before.

R: There is this remarkable thing where you cross a border and you are in such a different place, even though it may only be three feet from where you just were. I got to a small town which was not a tourist town in Crete. I was traveling with another woman and we were sort of looking for jobs. We had heard that there were jobs picking oranges and olives and we thought that it would be fun to pick up a job and stay on in a place for a while. In this town there were about a dozen foreigners staying. They were all working in the olive fields. They told us that this was actually the end of the season. My friend decided to go on traveling, but I was pretty tired from traveling continually for about four months at that point. I thought that I would stay for a bit. It would give me a chance to sort of relax and hang out and also to get an idea of what a small town was like and how it worked in a very different setting. There were five English guys and a Tunisian guy who had been given free housing in the upper part of a barn which was owned by a local Greek farmer who was just outside of town. He spoke no English at all, but he was a very kind man. He had told them that they could stay in the top part of his barn, which had electricity and was very well built so that it was just like a house. This was for free as long as they paid the electric bill. It had no animals downstairs, and a water pump outside, and a sink, so it was quite a pleasant place to be staying. When I told them that I was looking for a place to stay for a couple of weeks, the boys said that I could stay with them. Since they were quite nice people, I took them up on it. I moved in several pieces of cardboard to insulate me from the floor, and I laid my sleeping bag in the corner. Now, all the other foreigners in town—with the exception of the very occasional tourist, who would come, stay for a day or two, and then leave—were working in the olive fields. I was not) and where it was very very cheap to live in that town, I just felt no need to go to work, and the work was very very difficult and paid very poorly, particularly for women, who were paid about half what men were for the same work. So I was just hanging out, and of course I was hanging out in the cafes, which were quite a bit warmer and were very pleasant places to stay during the day. The people were just drifting in and out. Not all of the travelers who were working in the olive fields would work every day and of course if it rained they couldn't work. Often there would be one or two people to hang out with, and there were a number of kind of young Greek guys that I had made friends with in the town, who would seem to have nothing to do during the day, and we would hang out and play card games and joke and laugh and try to learn each others' languages a little bit. Now this was all great fun for me, what it took me a little time to realize was that the townspeople thought I was there for. There I was, a woman, knowing that I was staying with five guys. Here these guys would go off to the olive fields and I would not. The conclusion they came to was that the five guys were supporting me in exchange for sexual favors.

C: Did you know athat in Guatemala asking a woman what time it is is a beginning approach to wanting to know if she is a whore. Telling them is the beginning of agreeing that you are. Another thing is that women who drink coffee together in the afternoons are mostly whores. In general, it is going out unescorted after six.

R: I hitchhiked a lot in England. I hitchhiked around the entire country twice, taking two different routes. Most of my rides came from lorry drivers, who invariably asked me wasn't I bothered by other truck drivers, or had any of the other truck drivers tried to make a pass at me. I always told them that no they hadn't but that every truck driver had asked me that. I finally realized that among truck drivers they had heard stories about picking up willing women who were hitchhiking and this was a great current piece of folklore among truck drivers.

I think part of the thing was that they were fishing, trying to find out if perhaps I wasn't one of those mythical willing females. The other thing was that I guess they were trying to find out if all the other truck drivers were as aggressive as they believed they were. After that I usually took pains to explain to each truck driver who had happily picked me up that I thought that this was perhaps the biggest lie that had been promulgated on the truck driving public in general and that probably they could discount every story they had heard as being untrue.

END SCENE II

SCENE III

R: Speaking of the values, I learned the value of learning to spit. This had different applications depending on where you were. In Italy one of these goons would follow you for hours and say "hello, I love you, I want to fuck you." If you turned around and sort of spit on the sidewalk, they would usually so revolted they would go away. Of course it would stop working in countries like India where everybody is spitting anyway. In many countries saliva is considered sort of the "water of life" so that spitting on someone is like putting an essence of yourself on them. Also it is considered a dirty thing to do, so that it is like saying, "go away, to hell with you." It is also a very useful weapon, you don't have to carry anything with you and saliva is available at a moment's notice. You don't have to get involved—it doesn't involve you in a shouting match or something. You almost can't lose.

C: The Yanamama only have here, there, and far away. I met this woman who was from quite far away. She would ask me did I have brothers and sisters and where were they and how far away? There was no way to explain how far away they were. So I finally had to say that if I fucked Ken today and started walking right away, I would have the baby before I got there.

Incidentally, when you are bargaining you get the best deals from men and the worst deals from children. It is probably because, when they leave the booth with a child, he is given a minimum price and is really not allowed below it. When some Thai teachers came to Honolulu to do some Peace Corps training, the Am. told them quite readily that in Am. you do not bargain. Not only did they bargain, but they went into Woolworths and drove a hard bargain and walked away with quite a bit of jweelry at much lower prices. Which of course ruined the credibility of what the Am. Peace Corps people said about Am.

R: I had arrived in Sri Lanka in the evening because the boat takes most of the day, then I took a train all night to get to Colombo. The next night was going to be a full moon. Every full moon in Sri Lanka is a holiday. Businesses close and people go off to the temples. This was one of the very special full moons. I think there are four of these during the year. I think this was the January one. One of them takes place in midsummer when they take the Buddha's tooth out of the temple and parade it around. This was the opposite end of the year festival. I'm not sure what it was that we were supposed to be celebrating, but the temple we were celebrating around was supposed to have been a place that the Buddha had visited. The bodi tree that grew there was a escendent of the original bodi tree in Bodigaya, India. I had heard of the giant celebration in Kandy, and even though I was dead tired I decided that I must not miss this. I went with a bunch of other people from the guest house where I was staying and we took the bus out to the temple. The temple had these murals painted all over it which were just beyond belief. It probably approached, particularly in style, the kind of thing that you would see in Bali. We arrived there at perhaps eight at night. We couldn't figure out when the celebration would start. People had said when the full moon rises. There were buses from all over. We came to the valley where this temple was, and the whole valley was full of people. I mean *full* and it was not a very small valley. It was very hot and humid. By about 10:30, when the parade started, we were very tired. The elephants were all dressed up with colorful cloth, with mirrors and strings of electric light bulbs. These were very large elephants and they kept bringing up more of them. I couldn't figure out how they were going to get the electric lights to work. Eventually we moved away from them, because there were too many of them and the crowds were getting very thick. We felt that we had better find one place and park ourselves. The people kept arriving and my estimate was that there were about 1½ million there at the height. I have never in my life seen so many people, and I have never been backed in so tight with them either. Eventually it did start to rain and all you could do was stand there and get wet. Along about midnight, the procession started and it was really worth waiting for. It lasted for hours. It had dancers, singers, elephants, little kids dressed up in costume, musicians. Behind each elephant with the light bulbs was a little man with a generator in his arms and the elephant was plugged into the generator. I also noticed that the people were quite afraid of the elephants. Every time that the procession would stop and maybe an elephant would turn its head around, people would start to tense up and start backing away. That was my introduction to Sri Lanka—this dreamlike procession.

The tape recorder is turned off
lights go down

the end

AUTOMATIC POEM TO THE MUSE

I can smell you with my watery hair
o you are nearer to me than the knife's swift music
and the morning comes waking you
with its smashed fists of burning roses
I can touch you with my electric eyes
you are closer than the air's bright tears
and the afternoon descends like an open heart
singing hymns to the sun you swallow whole
I can see you with my spidery fingers
and the evening rises with its songs
licking your stiff breasts with their tongues
I can hear you with my stones lips
and your dreams prepare a bed for us
out there somewhere in the future
where a herd of stallions race among the stars
scattering fire and lightning spreading destruction
in which we embrace passionately waking into sleep

John Digby

afghani

continued from front page

Arched rooms; blackened with smoke. Out the cell window a view of valley and snow-flecked Hindu Kush. Late afternoon we go to hot springs. Rode an open truck through red rock canyons above valley. Stop at cement pool out of which sulfur spring bubbles. We all disrobe and go in; me and five other tourists, including three Afghanis. . . . A bad night's sleep. Tension in my body. Apprehension at thought of trip back. Set out for walk beyond the town. Man on bike rides up, asks if i am going to Dragon's Way. He points to a white splotch on rock wall far off. A two-hour walk. He likes Americans and is manager of an experimental farm which raises potatoes. He tells me dragon was ravaging countryside and Ali came along and killed him with a sword. This was long ago. I continue on alone past farm into quiet rock-walled pass. Nothing. The road winds. I am afraid momentarily (tales of Afghani bandits in my head) but continue on. Persevere and conquer fear. I see an eagle who crosses my path. Good omen. Then see a man with sheep. I stop to listen to animal sounds and hear him sing. Realize that someone who sings will not harm me. Onward around two more bends and I see the streak of sinuous dragon atop the hill. Horns. He crowns the hill. I sit and rest. Then back via the experimental farm and a boiled potatoe and little kids pestering for baksheesh. I rest with the Buddhas. Sunbathe in monk cell. Change hotels as other folks go back.

Me, I'm the
After I die
Yeah mister
All me,
Only one le

They're stri
Heading ea
Four bit cli

Oh yeah, I
Sometimes
Nights I cu
Warm hanc
What a was

Yeah, I'm th
Bearded la
I had a 4 in
I don't rem
They say m

Yeah miste
All me,
Bearded la

Last week
We buried
Small town

BOXCAR

NUMBER 2 WINTER-SPRING '78

BIKE TRACKS

Bike tracks
curve in
to the grey hill
and out to the sea.

Elaine Dallman

JOURNAL afghanistan

By Jane Falk

Awoke at 4 am with the shouting for Ramadan and had the runs—back to sleep to dream of i can't remember. Up at 7 to bus and border blunders—3 or 4 hours—we did not have to pay baksheesh except to the minibus guys. First one would take us to border and Herat for 70 but then reneged because bus wasn't full. We started walking to the border and another guy came pulling up. Take us for 20 to border only. We agreed, got in, each time dragging around up and down buses with packs. To border to be battered about: cutsoms, sign-in, police, vaccination and on to other minibus which would only take us for 50 if bus was full. We started waiting for full bus. Driver impatient. (80 since bus wasn't full.) We started bargaining for less—down to 70. Four members of the party would only go for 50—so deal to have six pay 70 and four pay 50. Then two of the six protested, so we sat still again. Driver brought it down to 60; finally we go. Arrive in Herat at night, star-bright—eat—i am sick. Remember confiscated Playboy magazines at border crossing. The magazines' owner offered to rip them up, but the border guards wanted them whole. Just purchased two grams of dark brown-green hashish for 4 Afghanis a gram—we are smoking it and listening to flamenco guitar by moonlight/candlelight: John and Claudia, Rindi and Jane. . . . This is our first day in Herat, ancient brick-walled dusty-streeted mother-of-nomads stretched out in tents across the plains. The women are covered completely; mesh masks cover faces part of totally enveloping dress with attached head-piece. Wafers of windy ladies go smoothly gliding by. Baksheesh, Baksheesh the children cry. Old women uncovered. Are they nomads? We discuss the meaning of *baksheesh*. We switch hotels as we learn that we are staying in hotel where everyone gets sick—to the New Bezodh for 20 Afghanis—go to the bank—total confusion—and walk the streets wtih Rindi, bargain and buy shirt. Go to the old bazaar; windy dirt road stream birds whirling about old walls. Blue sky. Tinkling bells—dysentery comes back. I eat yogurt. I love Herat. Banish paranoia. I trust these people yet they are so different. It is sometimes hard not to be unsure. Try to look behind the masks at what is there. . . . So many things have happened today—repent for/of my exuberance at moving from our hold hotel—noisier here and the room is smaller—bathroom farther away—but the garden is beautiful, there is a pelican and i like Haji the owner—so got R to move. She is still sick today, weak and listless. Bought good yogurt, mailed letter, Haji took me to mosque, shoes off barefoot across the brick courtyard. Peaceful, empty but for a few old men squatted in arched doorways. Rode horse cart out to minarets with Claudia. Seven huge minarets, remains, stand at the edge of town. We watched the sun go down, colors of light silver blue, brown, white. One star. cool evening. Unexpected occurrence. Saw alms being given to the people today outside the mosque—occasion of Ramadan . . .

Up early, much noise. We change rooms again, this time a good one, pink and square overlooking the garden. Discuss Afghani prisons with American woman whose husband is in jail. Women in for prostitution and murder. They live there with children and work at rug-making. Fasting for Ramadan, except for chai and Coca Cola. Reserved bus for trip to Kabul. Friday, the holy day, too many people on the streets, men, make me crazy, me the only woman. This is another world. Pink/orange sunset. Saw five camels, two turning a mortar in the bazaar. Interesting how their faces are so tender. How they sit. . . .

This is our first day in Kabul, a small city. Up early wandering around searching for food, the usual travel syndrome. Soon run into old friends. Ramadan ended, the streets are empty; people are home feasting. I walk through the old part of Kabul, dirty, decrepit, reminds me of Russian novels. . . . I go to American Embassy—usual gate-enclosed mausoleum with fat-faced Americans and soldiers inside. Fast, as i don't feel well. I try a garlic cure. The evening comes. Philippe suggests i take some opium (tariak) for diarrhea—Afghani cure. Can't get to sleep. See vague blue and red lights. No regrets or second thoughts. . . . Medical alert. Rindi's hand has become a club foot. She stuck her knife into her hand opening walnuts. We are ordering our lives. Philippe gave me a French/English dictionary so we can communicate better. A day of mischievous laughter. I go with Judy to see about bus to Bamyan, site of ancient Buddhist ruins. Get fortune told by old man with metal dice—i will succeed. Then pass man with snakes. He bangs on drums to make them come out of boxes. We find bus. Go to money market to change money, but impossible. . . . Day of 'Buskachi,' Afghani horse race. Philippe and i ride to race on horseback. Sit high above the crowd watching race which is more like melee. Horses and riders bunch, then break and race down field. Everyone is after a dead cow. Sort of like football. Soon the air is full of dust and our horses are restless. We gallop back home. I still want to go to Bamyan, but there are many hassles about the bus. Discouraging. Rindi will stay in Kabul as she needs to rest. . . .

Awake. Ablutions. Eat. Go out to see the Buddhas. Most calm and clear place. Blue sky, red rocks. I walk up to large Buddha. Find a shard of pottery and old bones. I sit in cave. Om. Climb up and around front of mountain. In back is a canyon. See a large bird, maybe an eagle. Then walk to small Buddha, climb up stairs to his side out on to his head. Frightening in immensity. Fresco with lingam stupa crowned with crescent moon. Painting of long-earred Buddhas.

continued on inside

Collage by John Digby

ERRICO MALATESTA

With my hands in flames
I write your name across the bottom of the sea
Where it rains dazzling wings of bird song
Waking chicken-headed men
To the voice of the single poppy in the wheat field

With my hands of running spiders' eyes
I write your name between the towering icebergs
Clashing among the pages of your book
I carry in my pocket of liquid fire

With my hands of floating tenderness
I write your name inside the shells of snails
Galloping in and out of the mouth of the sun
Where the lightning sleeps in its bed of radiate mud

With my hands of burning grass buried in the sky
I write your name among the rivers
Climbing the steps of the moon
To the stars scattered across the eyes of all women in love

With my hands of leaping wild shadows
I write your name in the dreams of racing stallions
Carrying the flight of hummingbirds
To the earth's other shore
Where the thunder laughs and wears your beard

With my hands of sudden fires among clouds
I write your name across the sky
I write your name in the sleeve of silence
I write your name in the little boxes of sleep

With my fingers of perpetual revolt
I write your name on the foreheads of all men
I write your name on the foggy loaves of the poor
I write your name on the knives of their voices

John Digby

BUKRA FA MISHMISH

Five days and five nights
we have suffered winds from the desert
My woman has left me
There is no dew in the morning

Yet the wise man says
Tomorrow there will be apricots.

Donald Shepherd

EAVESDROPPING

A One-Act Play

Very Interesting to Here

Eavesdropping

A One-Act Play

Very Interesting to Here

Play occurs in Cathy's apartment. Small table with typewriter on it. Cathy and Robyn sit on the floor drinking tea, and whiskey. Between them is a tape recorder emitting a constant whirring sound. They are two women in their mid-thirties, neither for one moment without a cigarette in hand.

SCENE I

C: One of the hardest things that I tried to explain to the Yanama, and for which they have no concept, is having surplus—why I would have two pairs of socks, two shirts, two pants—because they wouldn't, they would never hear of it. For one thing, anything they made themselves wouldn't last if they made an extra one in the jungle. If they made two baskets, for instance.

R: Because the insects would eat it.

C: Or because of the general climate of the jungle. One basket would not last until another one was used. When you think about it, there is no reason to have surplus. It is our culture that keeps you so detached from the place where the goods are produced. So the idea of having duplicates—it's not that they don't have the cncept of it, it's that it makes absolutely no sense in their lives, and it only makes sense in a life like ours.

R: In India women went to the river and bathed in their saris. That was washing their clothes, and it simply dried on you.

C: You see a lot of that in Guatemala. You see people bathing and sitting around drying with their clothes, which they did first. The whole idea of accumulation is something that . . . in the jungle they bring in game and they cook it instantly and they eat it instantly, because even cooked (unless they smoke it) it wouldn't last if they had to keep it any length of time.

R: I have talked to people who have been to India sort of briefly who say things like, "Oh god did you dare eat any of the meat! Every time I walked in the market place it was all covered with flies." This may be rather disgusting, but my feelings about that was that: I know that everything was butchered fresh that day or else you would have smelled it. So the fact that it was covered with flies is really not so horrible, because as long as you cook it that day there is no time for maggots to develop.

C: I saw a Yanamama woman one time with a pushpin through her ear with the point sticking out. Also they would sometimes put in their ears old small spools of thread. The Yanamama of course if they don't wear clothes, don't know what clothes are. If they get clothes, they assign them around. On a very special occasion, when one of the hot-shot shamans came out, he was wearing a woman's sailor dress. It was orange and had a low neck with a bow. He was very proud of himself. The thing they understood least was my bikini, because they look at clothes only as something to protect them from the insects.

R: Nepalese women would have ten earrings in each ear often. They would also have about three holes, one in each nostril and one in the dividing part of their nose through which they would have little nose rings. Sometimes the nose rings were the little dangly sort with a little fish or a star so that if they talked the little star would wiggle. The lower earring was often a large flat circle of apparently bronze and was apparently quite heavy. The women who wore those would place them flat on their shoulders when they were riding on a bus so that the bouncing of the bus would not yank the weight on their earlobes.

C: I was sitting in a rest in Rome. Sitting beside me was a very elderly British gentleman. He was trying to order bread and the waitress didn't understand him, so I turned to her and ordered it in Italian. Of course since I am Italian, I look Italian. He turned and looked and said very carefully, "You speak English?" I thought this was wonderful. I gave him a big smile and said, "Yes, I speak very well English. I learned in school and from my mother." We talked for a long time before I told him. He thought it was a grand joke. He was about 86 and he and his wife were taking sepaarate vacations that year. He wanted to take me back to his YMCA and play the same joke on his friend. Sometimes quite older men make wonderful companions. They are simply quite lonely and want the companionship, but you still have to watch out for them until they are certifiably 90!"

Since my mother and father were both Italian, and didn't come from the same parts of Italy, and couldn't understand each other at all, I didn't have a whole lot of confidence that when I learned my 15 phrases in Italian that they were going to be universally acceptable. I also tended to forget things like when I would look at my phrase book and practice it and practice it very carefully, that they would speak Italian back to me—fast. I found myself trying to rely on sign language. Lots of waving arms, etc. I found one of the tricks is: don't worry about being a jackass; you are a jackass! You are trying to say something in a language you don't know. The more you try to stand on your dignity, the more you blow it totally. Also when you set out to ask a question in another language, make sure you know all the possible answers.

R: One thing that the traveler in at least central Asia is going to get used to pretty fast is spitting. Everybody spits. If you have the

continued on inside

FINDING WORK ON THE ROAD

U.S.A.

continued from front page

game you have to get onto the field (or at least into the ballpark). The joy of life comes from "using" yourself, and this is what you do in vagabonding.

On Making Money

Any advice about making money on the road has to begin with advice about saving money. First of all, you must have *some* money to start with, if only so you can steer clear of vagrancy busts. (And bring along plenty of IDs too). The *ideal* way is to start with mega-multi-money in the form of traveler's checks (or even your folks' best credit card), and then try like mad to avoid using them. The checks/cards will "prove" to police and nosy others that you're a solvent, hence solid, citizen—and of course will save your ass if you get into a jam or find you can't earn enough bucks.

The way to save money anywhere, anytime, is to spend your energy instead. Rather than buy a ticket (whether plane, train, or bus), spend your time and energy hitchhiking—or, better yet, walking. Rather than buy a restaurant meal, put your energy into making your own meal with cheaper or free food, offering to do chores for it, or simply doing without. Rather than pay for a room, use your energy to find a dry and quiet place to lay out for free. Invest your energy in relating to people who may befriend and perhaps help you with advice, entertainment, food, lodging, a job, etc. The practice of energy exchange is the secret of successful vagabonding. It opens the mind and melts all barriers. Moreover, it just naturally costs next to nothing.

On Making Magic

All seasoned vagabonds know about the magic of the road—not the romantic soapsuds variety but the breakthrough to real power that manifests itself when you take the risk of exposing yourself to unknown and uncontrolled circumstances. This is one of the things that Don Juan repeatedly shows to Carlos—the concepts of inner knowing and magic that become apparent when "another reality" is experienced. When you take to the road, short on money but long on faith, unable to predict the outcome but open to the vagaries of life, you find yourself sooner or later in "another reality" that looks familiar but is now experienced differently and felt with new-found intuition. This automatic heightening of consciousness, due to greater inner and outer knowing, is "magical" in the root sense—that is, as a recognition of unsuspected powers at work.

I go into this at all because it directly relates to finding work and getting high. You may not think you can find work while traveling, you may not think you can do some of the jobs I'll shortly be suggesting, you may not think that attempting some off-the-wall job is worthwhile enough—but *if* you merely open yourself as nonjudgmentally as possiblle, to what happens, the results may amaze you. The real truth is that—including the best of things—is possible, but only if you take the risk of allowing them to happen. In practice, this simply means being willing to take on something new and challenging, just for the hell of it, never-minding all the "sensible" reasons why you shouldn't or can't do it. For example, it might mean taking some lousy job with bad pay for a few days of soul-cleansing; it might mean changing directions or plans on an impulse or as the result of a chance encounter; it might mean risking making a fool of yourself or attempting some weird gig you wouldn't touch at home . . . and so forth. Most of all, it means simply Setting Forth. Any place cn lead to any other place. You don't have to believe it until you see it happen to yourself. Skepticism is OK. Go into the unknown as warily and tentatively as you need to, but the going itself is crucial. Go!

Entrepreneurial Hustling

This is odd-jobbing with you as the boss and the brains. You must have something to sell, and if you have some ingenuity and initiative, there are no limits here. You do *not* have to be a high-pressure huckster or chrometongued shyster; in fact, it's counterproductive to be too smooth. Just be your nervous and needy self with something to offer. Sell wildflowers you've collected, firewood you've gathered, shells and stones from other regions. Sell custom-made or store-bought sandwiches and goodies wherever people gather—at beaches, fairs, festivals, events, on campuses. A day's survey of junkyards, debris boxes, and refuse piles could easily provide the inventory for your own rummage or roadside sale, or a booth at a weekend flea market. People constantly throw away things others will pay for, especially in another setting. If you're not sure what can sell, go to thrift shops, swap meets, garage sales, and other such funky merchandising extravaganzas, and talk to sellers, observe the buyers—you'll get lots of profitable ideas. Your imagination and energy are the only limits on things you can sell at a profit. This is how not only vagabonds are made, but millionaires as well.

Services are certainly salable. Offer them door-to-door, store to store, or along the roadside next to your backpack (or car or truck). With your own brush and paint kit, you can offer to repaint existing signs that have faded or are peeling. Offering to paint house numbers on the curb or door is another easy sales talk, requiring only a stencil and a spray can of paint. Offer to do inventory or the dishes, wear signboards and funny hats—whatever. If you own a truck or van, don't just travel and live in it, make money with it; move furniture, haul junk, collect scrap metal, deliver merchandise, transport passengers, use it as a selling platform. Even when a few hours' work pays little or no money at all, do it eagerly just for the experience and possible contacts. Don't be niggardly with your good energies—they are seeds that can grow into beautiful plants with magical properties. Invent personally satisfying ways to assist and please others, and you'll never be stopped; sometimes you'll even be paid for it.

One of my best friends is a masttter scrounger and jack-of-all-trades with an always changing stash of valuable "junk," some of which he sells to live, but much of which he gives away to people who need or want it. People are always "placing orders" with Jim for whatever they need (in any material way whatsoever), and he'll show up with it sooner or later, usually as a gift. He also gives freely of his labor, offering his time and energy to friends and strangers alike. Not surprisingly, Jim is also offered more paid work than he can possibly do (or wants, of course). He is a master and professional odd-jobber, shrewd and resourceful but still warm and giving, a "source" who keeps inspiring those around him. Hustling can be a good trip.

Odd-Jobbing

Doing odd things for financial recompense is one of the vagabond's main standbys. For the sake of discussion, I'll define "odd-jobbing" as pick-up work for someone else, to distinguish it from the next category I'll discuss, which is self-employed pick-up work. Basically the odd-jobber does whatever comes along for the sake of a few dollars, but the key to it is coaxing "whatever comes along" as much as possible. Lots of small jobs appear for those who keen for them and are keen at finding them.

Newspaper and handbill distribution is a good example of short-term or daily work available in most cities. Underground newspapers need commission street sellers; contact them directly in cities where they're published. Weeklies, catalogers, advertisers need distributors and deliverers. For handbill and shopping-news distribution, look up "Distributing Services" in the Yellow Pages and read the want ads for distributing/delivery companies that hire and pay daily. In big cities these services also hire bicylce messenger and delivery workers. They'll provide the wheels and a minimum salary, sometime plus commission. (Most unskilled odd-jobbing pays under $2.50 per hour, but these jobs are solid ways to get to know people and feel out what a city is like.)

On another track, how about child care and care of the elderly? Everywhere in America, people will pay you to watch their kids and relate to their seniors. This is good work; getting paid just for being yourself with others. Get in touch with babysitting services and childcare centers, put ads up on laundromat and supermarket bulletin boards, and always offer sitting services to parents you personally meet anywhere. Sitting is also a good bartering service in ex-

EUROPE & ASIA

continued from front page

both men and women. They're mostly poor people from Southern Italy, Spain, Greece, Yugoslavia, and Northern African countries. Often transient, they are paid the lowest wages in the factories of wealthier countries. Work can be found in the less scrupulous factories that employ them. Working papers can often be delayed and mislaid, you can be "waiting for them" and nobody will bother you much for a while, once you've been hired. Your wages will be relatively low, and don't expect much in the way of holidays if its known you're just passing through. The people you'll meet and whatever conditions you'll find yourself working under will provide an introduction to the country, beyond museums and monuments. There as here, factories have a high turnover. The easiest way to find this sort of work is to walk around the industrial area of a city. You might ask before dusk, reembering it's usually in the roughest area of a town.

Holiday Resort and Hotel Work

IT's easiest to find work in a resort area, in the right season. If you know where you want to work, applying immediately before the season is the best idea. Then you'll have the time to leave, and change your visa if it's necessary. Work most often available is as chambermaids or in snack bars and restaurants. I worked one autumn in the Swiss alps. No one spoke English, except an old cowboy who'd been in California for forty years and just come back home to retire. He interpreted, until I learned some Italian. Total absorption seems the best way to do it.

You can work in a restaurant all year 'round. Of course, if you can speak the language you've got a better chance of a job outside a resort area. Looking in the newspaper want ads is usually only useful for city restaurant work. If you want to be out in the country, you've got to walk around and ask.

Restuarants are the single largest employer of immigrant, transient, and illegal labor in Europe.

Au Pair

If you really want it, you can find work as a childminder or babysitter. Babysitting isn't bad, but Au Pair work is not my favorite. Prospective employers of Au Pairs look for young girls to whom they can pay little money. Child-minding or babysitting, as temp work, is another story. Advertisements for this type of work can be found in local youth hostels, tourist information bureaus, and occasionally the International *Herald Tribune*.

Cleaning Work

In big cities of the countries with more affluent standards of living (France, England, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavian countries, etc) you can always find something to clean. There are an abundance of agencies that will hire you without references, and you're paid weekly, if not daily. There are usually adver tisements in the papers for these jobs. I worked for a house cleaning firm in London one winter. I could choose the times I wanted to work (there were morning and afternoon sessions). The wages are not high and the agency will take half of what you earn. But the work isn't too hard, and chances are, you'll strike up a bargain with some client and jump the agency.

Art Modeling

One classic job you can do in cities is art modeling. Surprisingly, there's usually a lot of work available. One good way to make contacts is by going to the nearest art school, college, or university bulletin board. If you don't speak the language, you can put your own note up in English, and someone is guaranteed to be able to read it. Be very explicit in your wording so no one will misconstrue your intentions. The best thing would be to go directly to the art department office, be polite to the secretary and ask for an application. Art modeling is often good money, and cash on delivery.

Teaching

English teaching in Europe is a pretty specialized job that usually requires certification papers (but not always). In Asia it's the principal occupation of omst English speaking travelers. It is difficult in Europe, but not impossible. I taught privately in Italy one winter, just regular conversation—nothing fancy. The very best way to find this sort of work is to start phoning every English teaching school in a city. You never know, there might be a vacancy. At least you'll be speaking to someone in English who might be able to put you in touch with a private client, or some other school that has a vacancy. These types of language schools all have a few native speakers hanging around, for their image. Their other teachers will speak a pure academic English, and concentrate on grammar. It may be just your American accent that lands you the job. Another reason to visit University bulletin boards is that often students require private English tutoring for examinations.

Picking Fruit

A seasonal job, but something anyone can do. Late August through October, whenever the grapes are ripe, farms hire temporary workers to help with the harvest. Farming families provide accommodations (anything from a shared double in the big house to barracks that sleep 25 or more on the larger farms) and food. Not just food, but normally ENORMOUS amounts of food. Work begins early morning until night and house wine is (usually) generously available. There's a special camaraderie that develops among the temp workers on the smaller farms. Life on the larger, more mechanized farms being often less hospitable. The pay's usually the same. It will be hot in the South of France during the *vindage* (grape picking). Expect to work in the heat, not in the rain. You're paid by the days you work.

If you want to, you can spend the months of August through December wandering the European fruit trail. As seasons and weather changes, so do the fruits needing harvesting. Grapes in Germany and France, hops in England, oranges in Spain. The biggest deal is during vindage in France, when there's a festival spirit and workers are well treated. It all gets a lot harder as the weather turns colder. You don't necessarily need to be the strongest person in the world for this work, but you should be fit. You do a lot of bending and reaching for long hours at a time. Further info is available from the Alliance Francaise and French Tourist Board.

Common Market

in common market countries there's a particular pecking order to be aware of when looking for work. Theoretically, the first people considered for jobs are citizens or permanent residents of the country you are in (Obviously). Then citizens of other common market countries are supposed to be considered. Finally, if no one from that vast community is found suitable, law-abiding employers may look elsewhere. In England, add commonwealth country nationals; result: an ever widening casual labor pool. The facts are, some employers are very uptight about working papers, and some are not. If your employer really "wants" you he/she can make an effort to get you the right papers.

asia

In much of Asia, entirely different types of employment are available. The factors of recent industrialization being concentrated in a few cities and a population of burgeoning industrial city dwellers living on very, very, low salaries in places like Bangkok, and Indian cities, has a big effect on the sort of work you'll find. Suddenly, you're no longer an itinerant laborer. For the most part, the only jobs you'll be considered for (besides bar work) are those that mysteriously raise you (to your liking or not) up a layer in the class stratum.

India

I wouldn't advise anyone to be caught broke in India. I know of only one occasionally accessible job for foreigners there. In Bombay, and Madras too, there are film studios that hire European and American "types" as extras. One of my friends lived for months in India on what she earned in a couple of weeks there. She portrayed one of twenty "hippies" at a discotheque where the innocent heroine is saved from a life of European corruption by the hero, who carries his beloved back to her teenage marriage in the village. India has the world's largest film industry. Not all the movies made there are as corny as this one, but many require Western extras. It was my friend's film "debut." She said the actors and actresses all had "complete creative freedom" in their roles, so they writhed and screamed, fulfilling the destiny churned out by Indian media concerning what could happen to your daughter if you ever let her out of the house.

Southeast Asia

In Bangkok, work as a movie extra is also possible, but much less accessible. There's a large overseas (rich) community there that often needs au pairs, and babysitters who speak English. You might try for a job in a language school (there are plenty); the wages are low in Thailand and Indonesia, and English is spoken as a second language in Malaysia. If you need money immediately in Bangkok there are lots of bars that will hire you. The average wage is $10 for eight hours of work in a bar. (My average spending was $4 a day). I'd suggest that you look for hostessing work in the more expensive tourist bars, the turnover of foreign women working there is high. The criteria for all bar work is a wardrobe of fancy pajama pants or dresses.

Both English teaching and hostessing jobs are also available in Singapore, with more possibilities and higher remuneration for teaching. In Taiwan English teaching jobs are found quite easily. In Hong Kong, where English is universally spoken, hostessing is higher paying, but as it happens, the standard of living is higher too.

People traveling overland in Southeast Asia and running out of money usually head in one of three possible directions: to Australia, New Zealand, or Japan. Of course, you could take a direct flight home or get into one of the thousand elaborate scams that people manufacture in order to prolong their stays on paradise islands. but containing your efforts to the legitimate, the two most

change for bed and board. Similarly, care of the elderly and infirm is a universal need. Check with community centers and rest homes, read want ads, pursue personal contacts. As is so often the case, these kinds of jobs lead you to beautiful surprises because they make you relate to real people in real ways.

Housecleaning is another source of short-term work, available through rental and real estate agents. If you're a handyman, these contacts can lead to small maintenance and repair jobs on properties for rent or sale. Always ask anyone you encounter if they know of a job or a little work to be done, or names to contact with leads on such work. Vagabonds, and vagabond-workers, stake their whole trip on people they meet. Go out to people, be yourself with them, and you will receive all you need.

More such employments: Fruit picking and farm labor jobs (check with local offices of the Farm Labor Bureau). Restaurant work, such as waiting tables, washing dishes, being a short-order cook. (Your best bets are with small or one-owner places, in order to avoid corporate-style interviews and applications in expectation of long employment. Working at these kinds of jobs for even a few weeks will earn you a stake and serve you up a slice of life you'll be digesting for some time to come.) Offer yourself as laborer to construction gangs and work crews. When you're in big cities, contact Departments of Employment; call whatever underground or overground switchboards may exist—not only for work but for places to crash, locations of free food missions, and other helpful free services. And especially, don't neglect The Grapevine, the energy-wastrel's news service.

The most direct route to odd-jobbing is personal initiative, because the world is full of jobs for those who put out the energy to see them. In the extremity, door-to-door or farm-to-farm inquiry can keep you occupied. Knock on any door, explain your circumstances, and offer to be useful at a bargain rate. You can mow lawns, trim trees, and cut hedges. You can cement a walk, patch the roof, clean the basement, paint a room, or dig a garden. You can repair the back-40 fence, chop wood, polish the car, or walk the dog. Naturally, you better expect to be looked at weird and turned down a lot, maybe even run off the property once in a while—but if you have the nerve to try it, you'll also meet enough nice people who'll surprise you, and help you.

Arts and Crafts

This is a continuation of hustling, but for those with specific aesthetic talents. However, *everyone* has some artistic skill or talent (usually several), whether actual or latent (usually both)—it's only a matter of practicing it (them) for profit. Despite the tremendous resurgence—and subsequent glut—of handcrafts in the past few years, there is still a strong market for all kinds of handcrafts and original art. This is probably the best of all ways to make money while leading a traveling life, especially since summertime America is the season of crafts fairs and art festivals of every description, of state fairs and street fairs, of historical pageants and parades—of warm weather, good feelings, and material abundance. All of this means a favorable climate for the vagabond craftsperson. Some of the best-selling crafts are leather work, pottery and jewelry. All of these crafts are relatively easy, given a little natural facility and a lot of energy. You'll learn rapidly, and, on your own standards of quality, can start selling right away.

And these are just the standard crafts; there are so many others. If you're an artist, you can sell on-the-spot sketches and portraits, sidewalk chalk drawings, cloth paints. My friend Carol couldn't do straight portraits, so at the fairs she did "psychological portraits," visionary interpretations of her subjects—which sold well. Painting clown faces on kids, using grease-paint or acrylics, is sure fire. Try to sell outdoor murals for a homeowner's fence, a farmer's barn, a store's front. Paint designs or figures on clothes with cloth paint or portable air brush.

Make incense-holders from river-smoothed stones, carved buttons, chopsticks, tie-dyed scarves, tin-can candles, embroidery patches, hand-made dolls and toys, fancy cloth patches for Levi's, health bread, driftwood objects, dried flowers, custom hash-pipes, roach-holders, bamboo flutes . . . there's no end. How about casting horoscopes, reading palms and tarot decks, analyzing dreams and handwriting—for those of you with the gift and the desire to use it. And poets can sell their poetry. I met a woman who sells original poems (50 cents donation) that she writes on the spot; she carries a signboard at fairs to announce her wordwares. I saw a man in an Uncle Sam costume selling presidential pardons for a dollar. Art is what you make it.

Whether or not you choose to sell at crafts fairs, go to them and check out what's happening. Today's vagabond artists and craftspersons are on some pretty good trips and can be important examples and teachers.

Performing

This is an extension of arts and crafts, and can be done in all the same places—wherever people gather, by design or accident. Performing usually means music, but it also includes poetry, dance, informal lecturing, and just showing off. You often can't expect pay for your poetry or tale-spining (or tall-spinning), but maybe you can sing and dance for your supper. As for music, you can make money as a street musician even if you can't play an instrument very well. Musical talent is not the chief requirement here, just the guts to do it. Street musicians and street dancers can usually gather a crowd anywhere at will. Sometimes it's not legal without a permit, so be ready to move your act on short notice. A team works best—one person can perform while the other passes the hat. Or if you're going solo, just place the hat nearby (and keep an eye on it lest it be copped by an opportunistic music-hater). Places to do it include downtown streets, city parks, street fairs and festivals, tourist congregations, movie and theater ticket lines, college quads, student unions, and so forth. If you happen to be a really good musician, it's possible to get gigs at bars and restaurants by auditioning. College towns usually have student hangouts and folk-music-type clubs that talk walk-in talent and pay something, or at least a meal, a beer, and a chance to pass that beanie one more time. And for a taste of something different, in a

continued on back page

easily accessible jobs in Asia (outside of New Zealand and Australia) are teaching English and hostessing in bars.

There's work in Australia and New Zealand for anyone who can acquire an entry visa. You can find the same sort of casual work as exists in any other Western society without too much difficulty. Wages are generally high.

Japan

Japan offers the opportunity to do high-paying English-teaching work (certification for the most part not necessary), and every foreigner, whether or not English is their mother tongue, is exploiting this fact. Wages run from $3.50 an hour in the cheaper language schools to over $15 an hour privately, with $9 an hour the average wage.

Hostessing in a Japanese bar pays between $20 and $25 for a four-hour night. Some women make more. What does hostessing require? In many clubs you must have formal clothes—from cheap spangly stuff to "elegant attire" in the higher paying clubs. A lot of women first have a few dresses made cheaply in Hong Kong, but usually other foreign hostesses can help you find clothes that are passed on from hostess to hostess. Also, there are clubs that provide uniforms, usually consisting of miniskirts and low-cut tops; these clubs generally pay less.

There's a very large variety of types of clubs. These range from the college bar, where uniforms are usually supplied and pitchers of beer are served over a counter to evening gowns and unbelievably expensive prices (charged to company accounts) for bottles of imported whiskey. In the former you would stand behind the bar, and chat with university students studying English. The pay is minimal compared to the latter, where you are required to light men's cigarettes, pour their drinks (all the time sitting at their table), and chat sociably. Here is where a lack of Japanese language can come in handy. Most clubs will hire you whether you speak Japanese or not, since it's a sort of status symbol to have a *gaigin* (foreign) hostess. If you did understand Japanese you would realize how utterly insipid the great majority of the conversations are. You are considered nothing more than light entertainment for men who want to get drunk at their company's expense and forget a tiring workday.

Working in a club may turn you off to Japan, or you might enjoy it. Many women do, staying for years, accumulating a lot of money.

Teaching introduces you to another Japan. Japanese people are really eager to learn English for as many reasons as there are students. Classes are attentive, and you may be initially shocked at the degree of their courtesy. They will want to call you *sensei* (teacher). Most English classes are taught directly from a book, but I found that the more adventurous I was, the less arduous it was to teach beginners, since I hadn't much previous experience. Sometimes someone would want to speak like a "cowboy" or an "Englishman," so we spent a lot of time on regional accents. Sometimes I got the idea that the widespread popularity of English lessons was as much an evening's entertainment presented by a funny foreigner as anything else.

Your students will probably be very kind to you; invite you out to dinner, give you presents, want to see you outside of class as much as possible. Student-teacher relationship is said to be very important in Japan.

How do you find work? When I arrived in Japan I didn't have much money, so I couldn't do any more distance traveling. I decided not to work in Tokyo, although I'd been advised that the highest wages were paid there. There are language schools, and factories, that employ English teachers, as well as hostess bars, in every city. I went to Kobe.

To find teaching work might take a few weeks. Many English teachers are transients. They stay from four months to a year (sometimes less) and need someone else to take over their classes. You'll probably find the Gaigin community helpful. Other foreigners will turn you on to rooms and upcoming jobs. The jobs that seem to be passed on quickest are beginners' classes, which are the most difficult to teach. More advanced classes often pay more, and any school class can eventually lead to private lessons with a renegade student.

If you're able to convince your employer that you intend to stay for an extended period of time and it's a legitimate language school that hires you, common procedure is for the school to sponsor you on a work permit, if you haven't one already. Then you must go to Korea and change your visa. It really is important for you to have a student or work visa if you intend to stay in Japan awhile.

Finding hostessing jobs can also be made easier through the Gaigin grapevine. My advice is to stay away from the clubs that employ too many other foreign girls (avoid clubs advertising for hostesses in English language newspapers), because those are the ones that police periodically raid and the foreign hostesses are deported. What my friends and I have done is to get dressed up and go from club to club, inquiring about vacancies in the night world.

There are many traveling workers in Japan making a comfortable income with only a tourist visa. I have never heard of police investigating someone *just* for teaching. Hostessing carries with it the threat of possible discovery, which you must consider when you take the job. It is reckoned that a lot of prostitution originates in these clubs, and I've been told that police are investigating foreign girls in clubs for that reason. Western prostitutes, like all else Western, are especially popular these days in Japan.

Poem

I was
knighted
on a simple vessel
no banners
no drums
Below the sinuous deck I joked
with the princess

We wore ornaments
in our hair
drank from vases
and jewels each cut
to the slope of our lips

I dreamt myself in an office
married with no links to the
unseen
I dreamt I drove a car and could
no longer
fly.

"Capricious knight," the princess
laughed and granted my desires

Laughing
I wrenched off my wings
plugged the slits with flesh
and laid them away in paper

They stunk and rotted
My children found their tiny frame
and fed the fish
each brittle bone
When the princess called
I could not go to her.

I saw through the windshield
The princess raped the ship go
down She was calling me by my name
laughing

TRAIN 'CROST THE RIVER STYX BRIDGE

"The adventurer's lot is a life of luggage."

The adventurer's life is a lot of luggage
The conductor our ancestor cried,
"The Green line goes
neither here nor there, you might as well
walk as ride."

Heaven is fortified by distance
Skunks by fragrance A
Black mirrored glaze protects this
observation car with vaguity and charm
The travelers inside, are well heeled and well armed.
Finely masked squids and mice
in party hats shoot dots off dice
Gambling in ether, Here nor there
The conductor collects judicial fares

Scars wishing to be stars
pay as if they are

U.S.A.

continued from inside

resort city I met a traveling hang-glider nut who, as a PR stunt, skimmed over bored hotel guests twice daily for excellent pay. He also had a kit bag full of slide shows and lectures on a variety of topics. In one sense, all vagabonds are performers, demonstrating a lifestyle that people will notice and be interested in. If you're lucky, these audiences will support your trip, because basically they approve of it—they need you to survive so they can keep alive their own secret hopes for a freer life.

Skilled Work

The next category of job opportunities involves practical skills. Auto repair, for example, is a standard underground service business. Take your tools with you. Much repair work is relatively simple: tune-ups, brake service, adjustments, minor repairs that can be done easily without a shop or rack. Direct advertising is frequently the best way to advertise your skill. Simply make a big sign and hold it up by the roadside telling people what you can do for them (VW TUNE-UP $10, BODY MASSAGE $5). Always stop to assist a disabled vehicle by the road. The poor person is usually excrutiatingly eager for help and may offer to recompense you if you can get the car moving again, or even just offer good advice. And if not, so what—it's nice to be humanitarian.

Appliance repair is a similar service that can be sold from the street, by bulletin board ads, or by canvassing. Furniture repair and refinishing is another. Anyone who has any knack with carpentry, plumbing, or electricity can get mucho quick work in most American communities.

Working the Carnies

"Copping a joint" on the carnival circuit in America does not mean getting loaded, at least not in the usual sense. A "joint" is a carnival game, and with a little luck any nomad or vagabond can get a job in a traveling carnival or circus as a joint-man or "agent." Agents get a percentage of the gross, so in order to make it they've got to be good rap artists and jivers to keep the rubes spending shekels at their joint. Depending on one's luck and skill, it can pay up to $400 per week—and is thus the premier job on the midway. But you can also find carnival work as a ride operator, or miscellaneous laborer/jack-of-all-action.

How does one find work in a carnival? First you have to find the carnival. A magazine called *Amusement Business*, put out by *Billboard*, gives schedules and dates of all major carnivals in America. It's sold at carnivals, too. Generally speaking, the carnie season runs from March through November. They start in the South, go north in midsummer, head south again in the winter.

Carnies almost always have some openings, because the turnover is high. Many casual workers stay only a few days, or a few dates in different towns, and then move on. There are no qualifications other than looking reasonably tidy—washed and sober. Some good friends of mine who owned a "Monster Show" and toured with carnies for years said they'd hire anybody who looked like they hadn't just fallen out of a freight car.

To get a job, just stroll onto the lot and ask anyone about work possibilities, or find the trailer where the carnie boss hangs out. If you get a job, expect to work hard; often it's twelve to fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. The pay is about $75 to $100 per week for a ride operator. The job is strictly cash-and-carry, with little or no concern for such niceties as social security numbers, real names, etc. Transportation from place to place is provided (one way or another); and you get a place to sleep (usually on the ground by a ride, in a truck, whatever—so bring your sleeping bag). No food is provided. But most carnies have a cook shack serving cheap meals to employees, and you generally get a daily draw (typicaly $5 or so) on your weekly salary for this purpose. Employers may hold back some money from your pay as an inducement for you to hang around and work some more, and as a handy humanitarian stake when you do go.

Conclusion

In this article, I've tried to stimulate your own thinking about how to make money while traveling. I haven't spoken much about ways and means of vagabonding itself, or about the great feeling of being fully alive that comes from doing it, but all these things come naturally anyway. America is one of the most diverse, fascinating, and beautiful places in the world—don't miss it. By seeing it as a summer vagabond, you'll be seeing from the inside, direct and clear, as near as yourself. Happy vagabonding!

This article was previously published in East/West magazine.

Ed Buryn is the author of Vagabonding in Europe and North Africa *(Random House/Bookworks, 1973) and* Vagabonding in America *(ExPress, Box 31123, SF, Calif., 1972).*

correspondence

THE ROYAL BOROUGH OF KENSINGTON & CHELSEA

SOCIAL SERVICES — NORTHERN AREA OFFICE

WESTWAY INFORMATION & AID CENTRE,
140 LADBROKE GROVE,
W10 5ND.

MR. S. MILDINHALL, *Area Officer*

Telephone: 01-969 2433

PLEASE ASK FOR Maureen Hodges

OUR REF. SS/N 2

YOUR REF.

29. 5 75.

The Secretary
Sisters of the Road
c/o 158. Grafton Way
London. N.W 5

Dear Madam.

I should be grateful if you would kindly send me information which would be of use to a resources system that we are starting in this department. I should also be grateful if you would add this department's name to your mailing list.

All information should be sent to Miss M. Hodges at the above address.

Thank you for your help.

Yours faithfully,

Stephen Mildinhall,
Area Officer

W.I.H.U.
158 Grafton Rd.
n.w. 5
Our Reference Bull-
shit X 93
Please ask for disruption
and anarchy

Hello!

There is no secretary for Sister's Of The Road; there is no organisation either.

We have no information that would be useful in your resources system.
We have no mailing list, although we do write to people.
If imformation should be sent to Miss Hodges, why did YOU send the letter? Not her?
By the way, how'd you ever achieve such a position of authority without learning how to type? Do you think that's fair?
Also, no one here is called Madam.
When your toes are cold, is a filing cabinet any use at all?

Enough said, perhaps.

We look forward with pleasure to your reply.

Eldee L Anne
Jonny Elora

ads

PREPARE NOW! FOR A BETTER FUTURE
Learn RADIO ELECTRONICS TV
The A-B-C DeFOREST'S WAY-AT HOME
What will YOU be doing AFTER the War?

EXCITEMENT, SECURITY GOOD PAY...All yours as a
CRIME INVESTIGATOR AND FINGER PRINT EXPERT
Train at Home—Spare Time

LEARN MEAT CUTTING At Home—In Spare Time
Get into the vital meat industry. Concise, practical Home Training based on 35 years proven instruction methods used at National's famous resident school. Prepares you for bigger pay as Meat Cutter, Supervisor, market manager or store money in your own store. Go as rapidly as your spare time permits. Diploma. Start NOW to turn your spare hours into money. Send for FREE bulletin today. No obligation. No salesman will call.
National School of Meat Cutting, Inc., Dept. K-2, Toledo 4, Ohio

Make Real Money at Home in Spare Time.
No Previous Experience Needed
LEARN GUN REPAIR!
BE A "GUN PRO"—the man other men respect when it comes to guns.

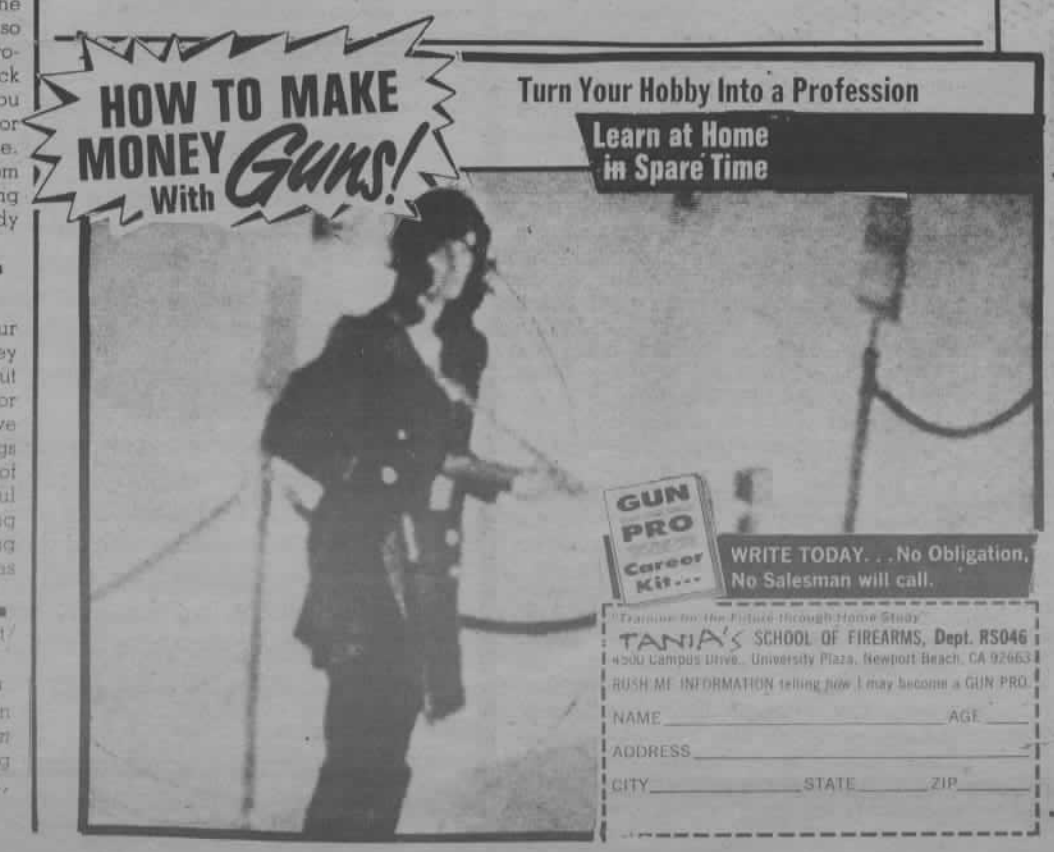
"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!"

There's a Thrill in Bringing a Crook to Justice Through Scientific
CRIME DETECTION!
I have taught thousands this exciting, profitable, pleasant profession. Let me teach you, too, in your own home. Learn Finger Printing, Firearms Identification, Police Photography and Secret Service Methods thoroughly, quickly and at small cost.
53% of All American Bureaus of Identification employ students or graduates of I. A. S. You, too, can fit yourself a responsible crime detection job with good pay and steady employment. But don't delay—get the details now. Let me show you how easy and completely I can prepare you for this fascinating work, during spare time, in your own home. You may pay as you learn. Write today . . . Now . . . Be sure to state age.
Be A FINGER PRINT Expert
FREE!!! Send for Thrilling "BLUE BOOK OF CRIME"
INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
1920 Sunnyside Ave. Dept. 7386 Chicago, Ill.

WILL YOU WEAR THIS SUIT and Make up to $12 in a Day!
You can get this fine, tailored-to-measure suit for yourself, without paying one penny cash, by taking a few orders from friends. My plan also helps you make up to $12 in a day without experience or house-to-house canvassing. Big opportunity—full or spare time. SEND FOR SAMPLES—FREE!
Write today for FREE CLOTH SAMPLES and "sure-fire" money-making plans. For quick action write fully giving age, etc. Send no money. H. J. Collin, PROGRESS TAILORING CO., 500 So. Throop St., Dept. G-196, Chicago 7, Ill.

DETECTIVES NEEDED! Men & Women
Private investigators, police, security, military. We have thousands of satisfied students & many graduates in highly paid jobs. Send for FREE information, sample lesson, Lapel pin & certificate granted. No salesman will call. Write today to —
PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS, Dept. PG
Box 41345, Los Angeles, CA 90041

EXTRA INCOME! *Make BIG money!*
SELL NEW ADULT METAL SOCIAL SECURITY PLATES with full color NUDE or ZODIAC signs. No investment. SEND FOR FREE SALES KIT!
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
ENGRAVAPLATES, DEPT. N189
BOX 10460 • JACKSONVILLE, FLA. 32207
ALSO 2 FLAGS


HOW TO MAKE MONEY With Guns!
Turn Your Hobby Into a Profession
Learn at Home in Spare Time
GUN PRO Career Kit...
WRITE TODAY. . . No Obligation, No Salesman will call.
Training for the Future through Home Study
TANIA'S SCHOOL OF FIREARMS, Dept. RS046
4500 Campus Drive, University Plaza, Newport Beach, CA 92663
RUSH ME INFORMATION telling how I may become a GUN PRO.
NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

make money FAST!
Start making money at once in your spare time selling beautiful LIFETIME METAL SOCIAL SECURITY PLATES. Sells on sight! The best all business to get into requiring NO investment.
Everything you need will be sent in the FREE SALES KIT. Send coupon today. No obligation.
FREE SALES KIT!

Collage by John Digby

METAMORPHOSIS

By Marian Ettlinger

Diane boarded the tourist bus for the afternoon trip to Cape Sounion. As it wove through the Athens traffic toward the highway she recalled her morning visit to the Acropolis. How slippery the marble had been under her eager stride and how steep the ascent. She'd paused on each step looking in all directions, eyes caressing each column. Why had she felt so at home there? It's all the pictures I've seen of it, she decided, as the temple of Poseidon appeared just ahead.

The climb up the hill, located at the tip of the peninsula, was exhilarating. The air enveloped her, the water sparkling bright drew her dangerously close to the precipitous edge atop the ruins. It seemed as though she were waiting for some particular ship to heave into sight. From this point the ancient Greeks had waited for their enemies, yet Diane felt she was expecting a loved one. Suddenly, someone grabbed her from behind. "Say, you nearly went too far there." Jarred back to reality she returned to the bus, and this time chose a left-hand seat, in order to catch a better view. The golden glow of the waters enriched by the afternoon sun touched her strangely.

As they reached Glyfada and slowed down for traffic, Diane was overcome with a desperate need to walk through that park, and down to the sandy beach. "I must get off here!" she entreated the driver. "Not supposed to stop! . . . OK," he weakened. She dashed from the bus, dodging traffic heedlessly, then raced for the grove of trees and the water beyond. Slowing her pace only as she approached the park—a great sense of peace and oneness with this land consumed her. As tho a demon inside were urging her, the impulse to strip completely and immerse herself in the sea overcame her. Without hesitation she gave in to the compulsion and swam sensuously, enjoying the friction of the waves. All at once a huge surge swept her to such a height she could only struggle, and then give in to its urgings. Like a dead weight she was tossed onto sand and rocks.

Gradually her eyes were able to search the dim light. She realized she was in the confines of a cave, yet she felt safe and warm as tho returned to the womb. A sharp pain at the back of her neck startled her. It was as if she'd been pierced. Both hands reached back to find the wound, then sudden oblivion overcame her.

Epilog: Two news items appeared in the following day's afternoon paper:

AMERICAN TOURIST MISSING—Diane Hunt was last seen running along the beach at Glyfada. The bus driver from Cape Sounion identified her clothing found earlier today strewn along the beach. No body has yet been washed up.

NEW ARCHEOLOGICAL FIND—Early today, fishermen whose boat had capsized near Glyfada found an unknown cave. Upon exploring it they discovered an unusual life-sized marble statue. Both hands had been placed at the base of the skull, elbows bent. At the back of the head a deep indentation was found. Most archeologists ascribe it to the period of Praxitiles.

Marian Ettlinger is almost 70 years old and wrote this piece last year. She lives in Marin County, California.

MEDICATION

Want to go but haven't got the time? Low on cash? It only takes a few minutes to achieve MEDICATIONAL MIND TRADE. For those who have not previously attempted medication's answer to boredom and lethargy, the following exercise is suggested:

Sit quietly in a comfortable place with feet wrapped around neck, back straight, eyes gently closed, hands open on lap palms up. Begin about 15 minutes before the time (see chart) so you can learn the language and continue for 20 or 30 minutes total. Relax, and concentrate upon the theme.

THEME: I think I can I think I can . . .

Alaska 2:49 am	Hawaii 2:49 am	Rio (Brazil) 9:49 am
Baghdad 3:49 pm	India 6:10 pm	Saigon 8:49 pm
Bogota 7:49 am	Ireland 12:49 pm	Santiago (Ch) 8:49 am
Buenos Aires 9:49 am	Istanbul 2:49 pm	Sydney 10:49 pm
Cairo 2:49 pm	Jerusalem 2:49 pm	Tehran 4:19 pm
Cape Town 2:49 pm	Johannesburg 2:49 pm	Tokyo 9:49 pm
Caracas 8:49 am	Karachi 5:49 pm	**USA Time Zones**
Djakarta 7:49 pm	Lima 7:49 am	Eastern 7:49 am
Europe 1:49 pm	Manila 8:49 pm	Central 6:49 am
Great Britain 12:49 pm	Moscow 3:49 pm	Mountain 5:49 am
Havana 7:49 am	Peking 8:49 pm	Pacific 4:49 am

If this is 7:49 am we might even be in Havana. Imagine that!!

W.I.H.U. Hall of Fame

ILLINOIS STATE REFORMATORY FOR WOMEN
DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

1.—Right Thumb	2.—R. Index Finger	3.—R. Middle Finger	4.—R. Ring Finger	5.—R. Little Finger
6.—Left Thumb	**7.—L. Index Finger**	**8.—L. Middle Finger**	**9.—L. Ring Finger**	**10.—L. Little Finger**

$250.00 REWARD

MARY BIMBO, alias **Mary Pulitch, Margaret Puloch, Margaretta Polish**, No. 1321. Escaped December 24, 1939 from the Kankakee State Hospital, Kankakee, Illinois where she was a temporary transfer from the Illinois State Reformatory for Women at Dwight. Received at Dwight April 15, 1938 from Cook County; Obtaining Money and Goods by means of Confidence Game.

Description: White, female; age, 51 in 1940; height, 5 ft. 1 in.; weight, 171; build, stout; hair, black; eyes, brown; complexion, swarthy; conjugal, married, naturalized American; occupation, gypsy.

This woman is a well-known operator of all types of gypsy swindles, such as "blessing money" false cures, etc. She is usually accompanied by numerous members of her family.

A reward of $250.00 will be paid to the person or persons who may give information leading to the apprehension or the apprehension and delivery of this woman into the custody of a duly appointed officer or employee of the State Reformatory for Women at Dwight, Illinois. Notify Miss Helen Hazard, Superintendent of the Illinois State Reformatory for Women or the Illinois State Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation, Springfield, Illinois.

TEAR OFF ON THIS LINE

BEARDED LADY

last one
here ain't no more.
, it's real,

ift.

king the lot again tonight
ist towards Boseman
p joint hitting the rube towns.

m getting pretty white now.
I think it glows in the dark like a snake
'l it around my waist
ls
te.

ie last one,
dies aren't easy to come by these days.
ch growth by the time I was seven.
ember
y mama sold me over.

, it's real

dy.

he fat lady died.
her after the bally,
outside Topeka.

Kate Larkin

PAULA'S PIGALLE

By Paula

Here I think everything is going mad. For the past week I have been a victim of the new dope laws in Europe. It's really something, you know. There are police at all the Metro stations. They search everyone under forty. After all, if you're not carrying dope there's just as good a chance you're a member of Baader-Meinhoff or something else, RIGHT? All there is to smoke anyway is old stuff that's still going around but spiced up with morphine. I tried not smoking at all. But after sleepless nights and frayed nerves I'm not so sure. . . . Every night on the telly and in the papers they give out with the number of deaths due to drugs like they were war-time figures. You know most of the deaths are people who OD on sleeping pills. In this country, tension's the reason drugs just an excuse.

There is violence in the air and lots of demonstrations. Also something else: everyone I know, even kids of 17, 18, is buying a gun. We are all waiting (Spain and Italy) to see what happens.

Let me tell you what's happened with my friend Bi-Bishe.*

She's left Paris, and is living with another girl who has a shelter for cats. There're 264 in all. It's amazing to see so many in one place, and there are some real beauties. They're also not closed in or anything. Marcel is Bi-Bishe's friend's name. She's a *travelou** as well. She's about 50 years old and very strong and comforting, like somebody's mother. She keeps all the cats well and even knows all their names. There's also two donkeys, some sheep, dogs, birds and goats, but they all live and eat together. It's nice, a kind of crazy non-productive farm. French television came to do a report on it.

And there was some problem with Marcel being the guide, because she's got a beard, big tits, and a very deep voice. They said they didn't want to hurt her in front of the camera (It's 'supposed to be a family-type show). Marcel's guy is an alcoholic, so he couldn't manage it either. They tried Bi-Bishe but she had a row with the filming crew (they wanted her to dress as a man—and she's got good-sized tits too). That left Bernard (her guy) but he stammers because he took a lot of speed for a long time. So they found some dried up old expert, and he did it.

They had to do a lot of gardening before the cameras came. There were 48 grass plants in the yard to be harvested. THey came out with 700 grams, plus the stalks with which Bi-bishe is making liquor. I've only heard about that boast. It hasn't materialized in town yet. We're all treating it like a dream.

You know I have some money problems, so I wrote to my sister (the countess) asking her to lend me some money. I got the answer this morning: a poem, advising me to sleep the sleep of the just and when I wake up my garden will be full of flowers. I must say, it's a good system.

I have a new job cleaning stairs around here. It's ok, but when I work I come back filthy and spend half the time again cleaning myself. I don't really have a lot to say to the French ladies. The sight of them in the morning with make-up perfect and clothes in the same condition puts me off. It can't be right to be well-dressed so early. Where does that leave the night? And now I shall leave you. Au revoir for now.

* *Travelou* is a French term for transvestite.

* Bi-Bishe's adventures were also featured in the first issue of *Boxcar*. For a single back copy send fifty cents to the address given elsewhere in this paper. Also sent, at absolutely no extra expense, to each new subscriber!